# THE MEANDER 1905

1993.35.1

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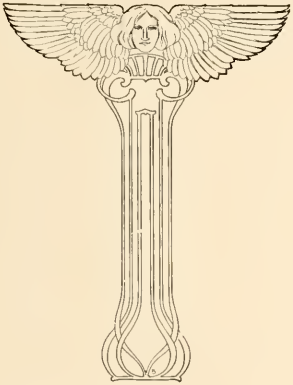
COLLEGE

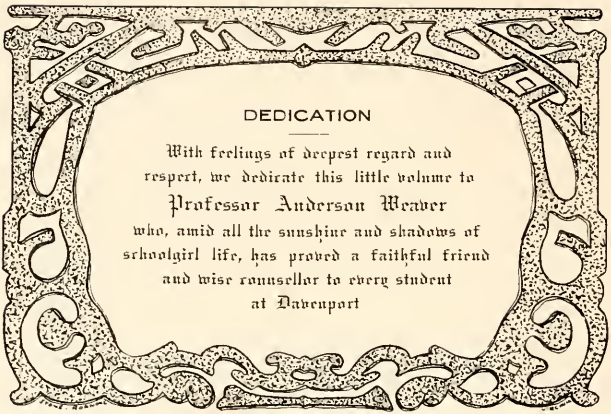
# *The Memandex*

DAVENPORT COLLEGE



*Lenoir, N. C.*

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1905.


DEDICATION
With feelings of deepest regard and
respect, we dedicate this little volume to
Professor Anderson Weaver
who, amid all the sunshine and shadows of
schoolgirl life, has proved a faithful friend
and wise counsellor to every student
at Davenport

# Just A Personal Word

TO the girls, Alumnæ, and many friends of Davenport, we commend this volume of THE MEMANDEX. To supercilious critics we make no apologies for its faults. By those who love the old College the little book will be appreciated, and will keep in mind the dearest recollections of happy days.

We are sorry that we could not get a new picture of the College, but the new building was not completed. And two of our dearest teachers did not get pictures made in time to put them in the Annual. But memory will treasure many things that THE MEMANDEX does not contain.

## The College Song

*Let us join a glad refrain,*
*Let us make the welkin ring,*
*While old "Davenport" we praise.*
*Let the days be foul or clear,*
*We have nothing now to fear,*
*For life's roses bloom in happy college days.*
*Banded to-day in love we are,*
*Sadly at last we'll part;*
*Love with a kind and holy hand,*
*Locks memories in each heart.*

*In the coming days of life,*
*If earth's sorrows dim the light,*
*Let us all these memories keep.*
*May no tears of vain regret,*
*Hide fair visions from our sight,*
*While the notes of joy through every heart shall sweep.*
*Banded at last in love we'll die,*
*Tho' we be far apart;*
*Love with a kind and holy hand*
*Locks memories in each heart;*
*Love with a kind and holy hand*
*Locks memories in my heart.*

## To The Whippoorwill.

*O lonely bird! Thy even' song*
*Floats out upon the air,*
*And through the gloom is borne along—*
*Thy note, so strange and rare!*

*Around me now the darkness falls,*
*And from the glen I hear*
*Thy cries—thy solitary calls—*
*So weird, and yet so clear!*

*Then, twilight coming on so fast,*
*I to my home would go,*
*And there to me would come at last*
*Thy song, far-off and low.*

*Oh, whippoorwill, thou art the bird*
*That makes the night more blest;*
*Thy melody wherever heard*
*Brings dreams of perfect rest.*

—*E. L. H.*

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# CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

# Class of 1905

**MOTTO**

*"Εσται αλλφ"*

**COLORS**

Olive Green and Old Rose

**FLOWER**

Lily of the Valley

**YELL**

Kritchem! Kratchem! Scritchem! Scratchem!
None are like 'em,
None can match 'em.
Krickety, Rickety, Ry! Ry! Rive!
Seniors! Seniors! 1905

**OFFICERS**

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Jessie M. Newland |
| Vice-President | Edyth Alexander |
| Historian | Margaret E. Umberger |
| Prophet | Mary McGowan |
| Lyric Poet | Kate Wagg |
| Secretary | Rose Earnhardt |
| Epic Poet | Eva Goforth |

# Senior Class Roll

JESSIE M. NEWLAND

*President of Class 1905*
*President of Lanier Society, 1903*
*Secretary of Glee Club*

Rose K. Earnhardt

*President Henry Timrod Literary Society, 1904-05*
*Secretary and Treasurer Class 1905*
*President of Henry Timrod Society, 1903*

Mary J. McGowan

*Critic and Censor of Sidney Lanier Literary Society, 1904-05*
*Winner of the Scholarship Medal, 1904*

KATE WAGG

*President of "Golden Links" Society, 1903-04*
*Chief of Fire Department, 1903-04*
*President Henry Timrod Society, 1904*
*President of Tennis Club, 1905*
*Winner of Elocution Medal, Commencement 1904*

MARGARET E. UMBERGER

*President "Golden Links" Society, 1904-05*
*President of Glee Club*
*President of Y. W. C. A.*
*Secretary Henry Timrod Society*

Eva D. Goforth

*Secretary Henry Timrod Society, 1905*
*Epic Poet, Class of 1905*

Edith Alexander

*Vice-President Class 1905*

# A Review of Senior Class History

IT has been to me a pleasant duty to review the four volumes of the past history of the Senior Class. Each contains three hundred and sixty-five pages, beautifully bound in stiff Memorio, with titles clearly printed in green reminiscences. But we have space to mention only the most interesting chapters.

The first volume contains our history in that green age known in college terms as "Freshmen." In that epoch the pleasant study of Latin began, and the girls say that it has been a constant source of pleasure to them ever since. They were especially interested in "Case" relations, and we feel sure that these were the ones given in Collar and Daniell. Algebra and Physiology also formed stumbling-blocks over which they fell and then in their distress cried for home and mother.

"Bib" Newland and Eva Goforth, both from Lenoir, spent this period at our dear old Alma Mater, and the volume relates many of their attempts to cope with the wise Sophomores, and in consequence making many blunders.

I find in the next volume that Kate Wagg, of Marion, enters the Class. Now these three assume the wisdom of Socrates and move around with stately tread, announcing "a Class-meeting of the Sophomores for the purpose of agitating the question of the Panama Canal." But I read of their truly growing in wisdom, and by solving the knotty problems which they encountered in their work, they prepared themselves to wear the mantle of Junior dignity.

Of this the third volume tells us. They were not alone this year, for Edith Alexander, from Asheville, Mary McGowan, from Elm City, and a little later in the year Margaret Umberger, from Mt. Ulla, came to partake of the "bitter-sweets" of school life at Davenport. There are some very interesting chapters telling how they accomplished some great things, gaining a renown for themselves, for they had the reputation of being very industrious and "a joy to teach."

One chapter told how the Seniors feasted themselves at a banquet, their trip to the mountains, and many other gala days which are always hailed with much pleasure in a schoolgirl's life.

In another we saw where these sedate Juniors were presiding over the Golden Links and literary societies, and helping to manage the affairs of the Y. W. C. A. They loved their college, and at commencement separated with the determination to return and by doing faithful work prepare themselves to solve the greater problems which would come into their lives.

I found in the fourth volume an account of the entrance of Rose Earnhardt, of Lenoir. She had attended school at Davenport some years ago, but had dropped out to await "the survival of the fittest."

The problems which the Class met this year were indeed knotty, for besides the course, it was necessary for them to take two years' work in Latin. The first of the volume treats of the many hardships, among which were to make Davis's Psychology practical, and to comprehend the contents of Young's Astronomy. But they were equal to the contest and conquered, even through difficulties.

The last chapters tell us of the teas, dinners, and many other enjoyable occasions in which the seven sisters participated. They learned many great lessons which will never be effaced from their memories, and I am sure that on entering upon the numerous duties of life they will ever keep as their motto the one that they adopted the last year at Davenport: "To be for the other," and in so doing will live unselfish lives and be a joy to all those with whom they are associated.

M. E. U.

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## Senior Class Song

TUNE—"*Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.*"

*With our hearts o'errun with brightness*
*We sing our Class-day song.*
*Unmindful of the future sadness*
*That some of our lives may throng.*

CHORUS:

*Bright, happy school days,*
*Swiftly they have gone.*
*Memory is filled with brightness*
*Like a gladsome May-day song.*

*Years have passed by since our meeting,*
*With their toil and care;*
*From our hearts no time has driven*
*Love that we have treasured there.—Chorus.*

*Toil and struggle we have met with;*
*Love has stronger grown.*
*Gladly we will ring to heaven*
*A chorus in joyful song.—Chorus.*

—*A. K. W.*

# Class Prophecy of 1905

WHEN my classmates lovingly threw the mantle of prophecy over my shoulders, I trembled and was sorely perplexed. Who, ah! who can peer through the veil of futurity and tell what a dim, mysterious future holds!

We have been very happy within these dear old halls. It is true we have had hard tasks to master, but the world may assign us tasks infinitely harder than those we have mastered in the schoolroom. May we enter upon our work as true soldiers, with hearts for any fate.

I wish you all God-speed, and with loving heart begin to foretell your fate.

You are destined to wander o'er our sunny Southland.

I trust each one of us will be made happier and better by having received training at our beloved Alma Mater.

Our president, Jessie Newland, will surprise you all. Doubtless you think she will ever remain the frolicsome, light-hearted maiden of to-day. Ten years, with their joys and sorrows, have passed away, and we find her a trained nurse in a hospital, with a brave heart and loving hands trying to chase away sorrow, and doing all within her power to soothe pain and bring relief to suffering humanity. The great heart of time throbs on. The hospital loses its angel of mercy, for she goes to adorn a beautiful home of her own.

The tender little heart of Kate Wagg will ever feel another's woes, and the sorrows of others will often cast a shadow over her pure soul. Let me whisper softly, there is an Adonis who has stormed the citadel of her heart and within five years she will reign the proud queen of somebody's heart and home. We were all very glad to hear of this, for we did not want Kate to be an old maid, since she was so much opposed to it. We were also glad to know she had a higher ideal in life than that of making fires.

Now comes Rose Earnhardt, full of the exuberance and ecstatic joy of youth, but withal a steadfast purpose in view. Her sympathetic nature truly earns hearts for her. For a short time she will dignify the proud calling of teacher, and with pride and pleasure train minds in classic halls, until growing weary of single blessedness, she makes one heart supremely happy.

Tell, oh! tell me, prophet, what shall the fates decree for Edith Alexander? On her graduating day an inspiration has taken possession of her to see something of the beauties of the world, so from the rock-ribbed mountains to the sighing, sobbing ocean, she wanders o'er land and sea, until she is glad to be at home again.

With broadened mind and a keener appreciation of the brotherhood of mankind, she goes on many errands of mercy, and who has the power to estimate the good she will do in her native land? Many will rise up and call her blessed.

Who can look in the sweet face and be surrounded by the gentle influence of Margaret Umberger and doubt what her future will be? In fancy I see her aboard a steamer bound for foreign lands. With a soul filled with the love of God she crosses the waters to tell the wonderful story to those who sit in darkness. Her heart throbs with the glory of her work and joyfully she obeys the call of duty, though each wave of the briny deep seems to sing in minor strains, "Home, Sweet Home."

Eva Goforth in reality goes forth to meet every duty and enjoy her ideal life. She will truly appreciate the rustic beauty and many comforts of her rural home. People still listen to her great stories in rapt attention, for she is considered the greatest narrator of her age. Five years from this happy day we will all, according to invitation, be speeding away to visit her and again view these grand old hills we love so well. Doubtless the gentle summer zephyrs, the budding flowers and the singing birds will make us all with a tender sigh realize,

"Days that are gone seem the brightest,
Dear are the hours that are gone."

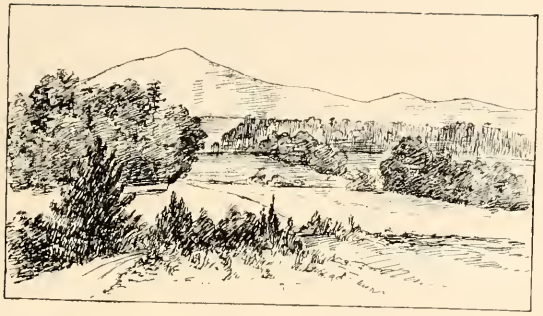
Classmates, we, radiant with high hopes and lofty aspirations, will soon leave these dear old halls—we, who have earnestly enjoyed with genuine appreciation the wise counsel of our faithful guardians of education, and may we each one be a diadem in their crown of rejoicing. We know other forms will take our places on this lovely campus, other voices will join in the melodies of our chapel songs, and other hearts will delight in the ever-increasing beauty of dear old Davenport.

Fain would we linger, linger and leave thee not, but the hour of parting comes, so to president, teachers and friends we bid a reluctant good-bye; yet it is the most sacred of all benedictions.

M. J. M.

## Their Home Address

Kate Wagg . . . . . "Hun"lulu
Rose Earnhardt . . . . . Push, Halifax
Eva Goforth . . . Walkers' Town, Alaska
Margaret Umberger, Lover's Leap, Korea
Edyth Alexander . . . Boys' City, Idaho
Jessie Newland . . Standhope, Australia
Mary McGowan . . . Plaintive Place, Brazil



## Frühling--Springtime

*(Translated from the German.)*

When the springtime brightens every hill
And the sunbeams warm the frozen ground,
Green are the leaflets; birds begin to trill;
In the grass the violets now are found.
April drives away the wintry gloom;
The arbutus then begins to bloom,
Making henty hearts now so glad and light,
O wie wundershon ist die Frühlingzeit.

G. C.

# Class of 1906

**COLORS**
Lavender and Gold

**FLOWER**
Arbutus

**MOTTO**
Fronti nulla fides

**YELL**

Styccemælum, Styccehælum
Wait a minute, wait a whilum
Give some yells, give some licks
We're the class of naughty-six

**OFFICERS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Edna Lee Holsclaw | President |
| Clyde Thomas | Historian |
| Margaret Katheryn Newell | Prophet |
| Mary Ethel Terrell | Poet |

**MEMBERS**

Eunice Hall Roberts
Marie Allison
Annie Pryor Nolley
Elberta Annie Rogers
Helen Coiner Allison
Esther Llewellyn Brown
Estella Naoma Owenby
Lunda Beatrice Bingham
Helen Reid Shell
Annie Lee Hoffman
Dora Elizabeth Tuttle
Lena Estelle Allen
Clyde Thomas
Margaret Katheryn Newell
Mary Ethel Terrell
Henrietta Cornelia Montgomery
Edna Lee Holsclaw

Junior Class, 1906

# History of Junior Class

We siud leod micle ouđ eall thing oferwinnath.
We siud siofontiene user ac ue euglas girt.
We geodor worhton ouđ lufedon.
On wintra we leornath: aefter sixtigum dagum we farath styrremaelum
We aelne weg gethenciath Davenport betrau othrum stolwum leorninga
We habbath learcowas aet aele leode ouđ aet aele londe
On aele nigotha monathe mycel menegu cumath to Davenport leornian
ouđ swa tha gearu ganath fram seo menegu wearth mara
We Juniors habbath ar anne ma gear on Davenport for tha we siud
swithe sar ac on thisse timan we doth ure weorc "gif we tha stillnesse
habbath"

"Hwaet is nu ma ymbe this to spreccanne." C. T.

# Sophomore Class

**MOTTO**

Carpe diem

**FLOWER**

Carnation

**COLORS**

Heliotrope and White

**YELL**

Hic! Hic! Sis! Sis! Boom! Boom! Rah! Rah!
Hi Yi! Ching! Ching!
We're the leaven!
We're the leaven!
We're the Class of 1907.

**OFFICERS**

Edna Hayes . . . . . President
Lina Ivey . . . . . Vice-President
Mozelle Trollinger . . . . . Historian
Ola Ford . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

**MEMBERS**

Maude Edith Allred
Eva Belle Blair
Ocey Pollock Comann
Alma Corpening
Mary Louise Gwynn
Bess Hoover
Princess Mackey
Jo Colville Newland
Florence Lillian Shutt
Mozelle Trollinger
Mary Edna Webb
Edith Augusta Arey
Ina Violet Carpenter
Lula Terrell Cordell
Ola Marie Ford
Edna Hayes
Lina J. Ivey
Anna Maud Minish
Georgia Rendleman
Sallie Smithdeal
Nell Blount Weaver

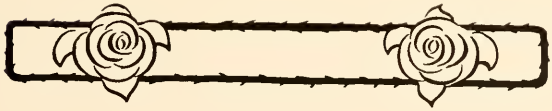
Sophomore Class, 1907

# History of Sophomore Class

OUR average age is about "sweet sixteen," so we are too young to have a long history. But in our short lives we have learned many things that will help us to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right place. For proof of this you will find all the pages of our dictionaries well worn. Our rhetorics, too, show signs of "great good done."

Some think we are too quiet to achieve much. Still water runs deep. Professor Weaver assures us that we will soon be "chattering" Juniors. Then we shall make more history.

M. T.



# Freshman Class

**COLORS**
White and Green

**FLOWER**
Violet

**MOTTO**
Non sibi, sed omnibus

**YELL**

The Ve! Vi! Vo! Vi!
The Ve! Vi! Vo! Vi!
Wow! Wow!
We're the first of any weight,
We're the first of all first rate!
Whoo-oo-oo?
Why the class to graduate
In the year of 1908

**OFFICERS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Ruth Kinsey | President |
| Annie Shearer | Vice-President |
| Grace Steele | Secretary |
| Addie Steele | Historian |

**MEMBERS**

Mattie Mae Blackburn
Jennie Roberta Blackburn
Mary Eugenia Grayson
Alma Dean Holsclaw
Maude Louise Hartley
Bess Annie Hardie
Eva Lillian Hardie
Fannie Jones Hamby
Lena Mae Johnson
Lizzie Dee Jones
Mattie Jones
Ruth Claywell Kinsey
Clara Marie Latham
Vena Ione Little
Kathleen Byrd Moore
Stella Mae Mock
Lettie Viola Nelson
Marie Newland
Margaret Elizabeth Osborne
Hettie Leola Pitts
Mertha Elizabeth Pitts
Margaret Elizabeth Peeler
Addie Dorcas Steele
Grace Steele
Carrie Stuart Steele
Annie Gordon Shearer
Mary Martha Stacey
Grace Rebecca Tuttle
Maude Weaver

Freshman Class, 1908

# History of the Freshman Class

NOT long since all the classes elected historians, and it fell to my lot to write the history of the Freshman Class. I never have written a history, but I have studied Barnes' United States History for four or five years, and I remember that it had lots of names and dates in it. I will try to write mine as much like it as I can.

Most of us left our homes on or about August 31st, 1904. We landed in Lenoir September 1st, 1904. We have been doing well ever since.

When we got here we did not have any Indians to fight, as they did in the Spanish War, but we had to dodge about to keep out of the way of the teachers. We could not keep away from them long, as they were so numerous, but after we knew them we found they were very kind.

In other histories they tell about the number of the people. It can not be said of us that we are a Little class, for we are a large and Hardie one.

We have had Moore fun since we came to this Newland, so to speak, than we can easily tell about. One of our favorite amusements is to Steele up-stairs after light-bell and have candy-stews. We station one girl at the top of the stairs to gaze into the dark Pitts below, so that the teachers can not come up and Shear-er fun.

We love to go to all our recitation-rooms, and we love all our teachers, but Weav-er special love for the dining-room, where we enjoy the potatoes which were prepared by the new Peeler.

R. C. K.

## In Pacem

The bifurcated old melange
  Perfumed with ambergris
And wrapped in cerements hideous
  With fetish made his peace.

With virulent vacuity
  Immobile, brave it died,
Not harassed by grimaces wild
  But truculent and tried.

A comely hovel o'er the spot,
  Where soughing winds proceed,
Now marks the grave incognito.
  Ah! Orthoepic greed!

E. G.

# Organizations

# Sidney Lanier Literary Society

**FLOWER**
Red Rose

**COLORS**
Red and White

**MOTTO**
Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity

**OFFICERS**

Jessie Newland ..... President
Lunda Bingham ..... Vice-President
Helen Shell ..... Secretary and Treasurer
Mary McGowan ..... Critic and Censor

**MEMBERS**

Elberta Rogers — Helen Allison
Eva Blair — Dora Tuttle
Annie Nolley — Alma Corpening
Bessie Hoover — Bessie Hardie
Ocey Comann — Marie Newland
Jo Newland — Stella Mock
Mattie Blackburn — Jennie Blackburn
Clara Latham — Grace Steele
Addie Steele — Ina Carpenter
Lina Ivey — Maude Weaver
Maude Minish — Fanny Hamby
Mattie Jones — Byrd Moore
Louise Gwyn — Vena Little
Maie Cordell — Lizzie Jones

Maude Hartley

Sidney Lanier Literary Society

# Henry Timrod Literary Society

| MOTTO | FLOWER | COLORS |
|---|---|---|
| Fiat lux | Daisy | Yellow and White |

## OFFICERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Mozelle Trollinger | President |
| Clyde Thomas | Vice-President |
| Marie Allison | Secretary |
| Eunice Roberts | Treasurer |
| Ethel Terrell | Critic |
| Margaret Umberger | Censor |
| Lena Johnson | Hall Marshal |

## MEMBERS

Jessie Courtney
Eva Goforth
Georgia Rendleman
Clyde Thomas
Edna Holsclaw
Margaret Umberger
Eunice Roberts
Rose Earnhardt
Ethel Terrell
Marie Allison
Mertha Pitts
Jennie Osborne
Hettie Pitts
Mozelle Trollinger
Lula Cordell
Mary Stacey
Ola Ford
Stella Owenby
Bessie Rutledge
Kate Wagg
Edith Alexander
Lizzie Osborne
Edith Arey
Margaret Newell
Maude Allred
Florence Shutt
Eva Hardie
Lena Johnson
Ruth Kinsey
Lizzie Peeler
Roxie Johnson

Henry Timrod Literary Society

# The Davenport Fire Department

WITHIN the last year a great misfortune befell North Carolina. Three of her large colleges for women were destroyed by fire. In this the Church as well as the State felt an irretrievable loss. Having no assurance that Davenport College was protected from fire, the brave and thoughtful girls of the institution organized a fire company at the beginning of the spring term of 1904. The purpose of this organization was, in case fire should break out in the building, to have a company of well-trained "fire-women" who would be brave enough to face any danger in extinguishing the flames or rescuing the other girls from the burning building.

In electing officers we elected fearless young ladies, who, if any accident should happen, would not think of "a package of old letters" first, but of the right thing in the right place. We elected a chief for the company and a captain for each hall. Because of her marked presence of mind, Miss Kate Wagg was elected chief for the first year; Misses Virginia Stover, Flora Rutledge, Margaret Newell, captains. It was our good fortune to leave school without the fire company having to be "called out."

When school opened again in the fall the company met and reorganized, electing Margaret Newell chief, Edith Alexander, Clyde Thomas, Esther Brown, captains.

It is the purpose of the company to provide themselves with extinguishers and fire-proof uniforms. With the chief ever on the alert, the active, ubiquitous Thomas second in command, supported by the calm and ever-thoughtful Captain Brown, the fine physique and sturdy lungs of the alarmist, Captain Alexander, a destructive fire at Davenport would be almost impossible.

MARGARET NEWELL, *Chief.*

# Tennis Club

**MEMBERS**

Eunice Roberts
Maude Allred
Edith Alexander
Margaret Newell
Nell Weaver
Helen Allison
Marie Allison
Maude Weaver
Byrd Moore
Rose Earnhardt
Helen Shell
Lunda Bingham
Elberta Rogers
Clyde Thomas
Ola Ford
Ruth Kinsey

Tennis Club

# Mandolin and Guitar Club

Ruth Kinsey

Byrd Moore

Lena Johnson

Grace Steele

Addie Steele

Ethel Terrell

Edith Alexander

Mandolin and Guitar Club

# Dramatic Club

Jessie Newland — Rose Earnhardt

Kate Wagg — Ola Ford

Edna Holsclaw — Stella Owenby

Jo Newland

Bessie Hardie — Ethel Terrell

Clyde Thomas — Marie Allison

Nell Weaver — Fannie Hamby

Mattie Jones — Lula Cordell

May Cordell — Ocey Comann

Eunice Roberts

DRAMATIC CLUB
SCENE FROM "SIX CUPS OF CHOCOLATE"

# Glee Club

### OFFICERS

Margaret Umberger ..... President

Miss Robinson ..... Director

Jessie Newland ..... Secretary and Treasurer

### MEMBERS

Ethel Terrell

Mattie Blackburn

Esther Brown

Eva Hardie

Maude Allred

Rose Earnhardt

Edith Alexander

Kate Wagg

Annie Nolley

Marie Allison

Eva Blair

Clyde Thomas

Helen Allison

Lula Gwynn

Ruth Kinsey

Margaret Umberger

Jessie Newland

Stella Owenby

Hettie Pitts

Maude Weaver

Helen Shell

Margaret Newell

Addie Steele

Grace Steele

Lena Johnson

Lizzie Jones

Jo Newland

Lina Ivey

Vena Little

Marie Newland

Miss Smith

Miss Robinson

Glee Club

# Golden Links Missionary Society

**OFFICERS**

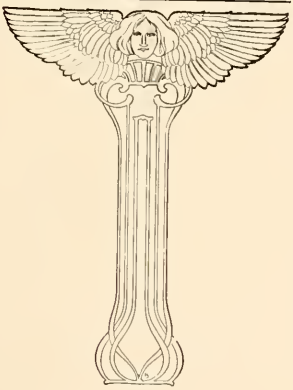
Clyde Thomas . . . . . President
Eva Bell Blair . . . . . Vice-President
Ruth Claywell Kinsey . . . . . Secretary
Marie Allison . . . . . Treasurer

# Young Women's Christian Association

**OFFICERS**

Edna Lee Holsclaw . . . . . President
Mary Ethel Terrell . . . . . Vice-President
Eunice Hall Roberts . . . . . Secretary
Elberta Annie Rogers . . . . . Treasurer

# Literary



# Leading Events at Davenport 1904-05

1. Reception given in honor of new girls.
2. Governor Glenn's speech.
3. Senator Overman's speech.
4. Hallowe'en party given by the Sidney Lanier Society in honor of the Timrod Literary Society.
5. Miss Smith's "At Home" to her Elocution Class.
6. Relay Race. Graded School *vs.* Weaver School, for Davenport Pennant.
7. Reception to the Weaver School Track Team.
8. Miss Smith's Trial.
9. "Daisy's Visit."
10. Christmas Cantata.
11. "Six Cups of Chocolate," given by the Dramatic Club.
12. Golden Links' Entertainment.
13. Trustees' Reception.
14. Teachers' Recital.
15. Societies' Recital.
16. Chicago Glee Club.
17. Annual Lectures by Rev. Harold Turner.
18. St. Valentine Party.
19. Sam Jones' Lecture and Sermon.
20. Davidson College Quartette: Reception.
21. Miss Hopper's Visit to Y. W. C. A.
22. Trip to Hickory: The Perry Lecture Recital.
23. Missionary Talks by Dr. R. A. Hardie, of Korea.
24. "An Evening with Eugene Field."
25. Light-bearers' Entertainment.
26. The Erection of the New Building.

## WILLIAM SPOTTSWOOD NOLLEY

Born in Lancaster County, Va., March 5th, 1898

Died in Lenoir, October 5th, 1904

# "Nancy"

SHE is a woman with a marvelous habit of loving people everywhere. All her thoughts are trustful, her fancies bright with hope. Waiting at a lonely station for a train four hours late would not make her restlessly impatient, because her own thoughts are more interesting than the mountain scenery in Switzerland. She has so much common sense that education and culture leave no altered and artificial traits in her natural disposition.

Withal she is unselfish. When she is doing things for others her kindness reveals no self-seeking wish that the others might praise or return the favor, but all she does is done in a spirit of cheerful gratitude just as if every kindness she needed had already been shown to her. Never does she scorn the common duties; never does she neglect those little nameless acts of Christian helpfulness.

She could tell how hate affects the feelings, could well describe malice, jealousy, and all the faults that women know, but having overcome temptations, she is all the wiser and more sympathetic to give help to those who need. While detesting the Pharisee's ways, she yet can love the Pharisee. And she knows how to forget as well as how to forgive. Her cheerfulness is so perennial that all old moods of discouragement or melancholy have been forgotten.

Although an artist might think that an effort to eat big apples when she was a little girl had slightly altered the correct shape of her nose, her face is fair and attractive. Her brown eyes have an innocent beauty that has never been injured by thoughts selfish and insincere. Her artless laughter often suggests the quotation, "Some people will be permitted to laugh in heaven."

She is all right: she is a blessing.

# A Modern Galileo

WHEN the world was yet young, the tower of Babel must needs be built so that man might climb to his ambition's content. Notwithstanding the utter failure of that and the ridicule of sneering generations, we find in the dawn of the twentieth century a man of like passion. He would not climb to heaven, but rather make a heaven and earth for himself, studding its paper dome with constellations of bright green, yellow, red, and blue. What matter if its frame be only bamboo cane, and its crust wrapping paper? Behold the creative genius of the imaginative power.

With astronomical learning no man can complain of limitation. The earth is his and the heaven also. At least that is what our Professor of Astronomy would demonstrate to us. After days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, with haggard face and disheveled hair, but eyes joyous and bright, he greets us, and at midday ushers us into a starlit chamber where he invites us to spend an afternoon visiting with him the various constellations of his "reed-bound" universe. These journeys are usually very delightful, with the exceptions of some serious frights caused by a terrific thundering noise, which afterwards prove to be only a reed pulling loose from the North Pole. This "universe" is called one of the seven wonders of Davenport, but we consider it the eighth wonder of the world.

In order that the reader may understand the earnestness of our scientist, imagine a man standing in the observatory of a high building at midnight, with a lantern in one hand and a field glass in the other, gazing at the stars and trying to locate the "Big Dipper."

# Our Repertoire

Clyde Thomas ..... "Teasing"
Helen Allison ..... "Honey, Will You Miss Me?"
Kate Wagg ..... "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep"
Marie Allison ..... "Best Little Girl in the Wide, Wide World"
Annie Nolley ..... "In the Gloaming"
"Bib" ..... "Yes, I Was Only Flirting"
Maude Weaver ..... "I Want My Mamma"
Professor Weaver ..... "Go Tell Miss Nancy"
Professor Archer ..... "Ha! ha! ha! You and Me!"
Mary McGowan ..... "Oh, Promise Me"
Maude Allred ..... "Doan Ye Cry Ma Honey"
Edith Arey ..... "Tired"
Doctor Weaver ..... "I Can Not Sing the Old Songs"
Mattie Blackburn ..... "Lonesome"
Edna Holsclaw ..... "She Stoops to Conquer"
Margaret Newell ..... "Big Indian Chief"
Edna Hayes ..... "Faithful and True"
Lunda Bingham ..... "Drifting to Dreamland"
Vena Little ..... "Hello, Central"
Professor Mallonee ..... "If I But Knew"
Ethel Terrell ..... "Ain't it Nice to Have Some One to Love You?"
Ola Ford ..... "Message of the Violets"
Grace Steele ..... "I've Got My Eye On You"
Lizzie Jones ..... "Got a Feelin' For You"
Elberta Rogers ..... "Sunny Tennessee"
Ruth Kinsey ..... "There is Nobody Just Like You"
Margaret Umberger ..... "You Tell Me Your Dream, I'll Tell You Mine"
Edith Alexander ..... "Could You be True to Eyes of Blue?"
Rose Earnhardt ..... "Then I'll Be Satisfied"
Eva Goforth ..... "Coming Thro' the Rye"
Addie Steele ..... "Make a Fuss Over Me"
Stella Owenby ..... "Sweet Marie"
Lena Johnson ..... "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"
Alma Holsclaw ..... "Tit for Tat"

Eva Blair ..... "Constancy"
Byrd Moore ..... "Let Me Come Home"
Mary Stacy ..... "Kiss and Say Good-Night"
Florence Shutt ..... "Down on the Farm"
Clara Latham ..... "Alone in the Moonlight"
Mozelle Trollinger ..... "In the Shadow of the Pines"
Roxy Johnson ..... "Still as the Night"
Jennie Blackburn ..... "Love Me, Love Me Only"
Esther Brown ..... "One Sweetly Solemn Thought"
Miss Smith ..... "Columbia"
Edna Webb ..... "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"
Annie Shearer ..... "The Good Old Summer Time"
Stella Mock ..... "Sweet Sixteen"
Lizzie Peeler... / Hettie Pitts.... } ..... "Two Little Girls in Blue"
Lizzie Osborne.... / Paulette Guire.... / Jennie Osborne... } ..... "Three Little Maids"
Eunice Roberts ..... "Come Back to Me, Sweetheart"
Ina Carpenter ..... "Faithful as the Stars Above"
Nell Weaver ..... "Chicken on the Brain"
Henrietta Montgomery ..... "Contemplation"
Helen Shell ..... "Adore and Be Still"
Dora Tuttle ..... "Love Finds a Way"
Lena Allen ..... "Come Unto Me"
Annie Hoffman ..... "I Dare Not"
Lina Ivey ..... "Just For To-night"
Louise Gwynn ..... "Yes, Sir"
Jo Newland ..... "John Anderson, My Jo, John"
Ocey Coman ..... "Face to Face"
Lula Cordell ..... "In the Evening by the Moonlight"
Bess Hardie ..... "Bonnie Sweet Bessie"
Marie Newland ..... "Could I?"
Eva Hardie ..... "A Dream"
Grace Tuttle ..... "Mamma's Little Girl"
Maude Hartley ..... "Laughing Water"
Fanny Hamby ..... "When a Lad Comes Young and Slender"
Lettie Nelson ..... "My Love"
Carrie Steele ..... "Tell Me Why"
Mattie Jones ..... "When Love is Gone"

# Court Proceedings

STATE *vs.* SMITH, *et al.*

IT was with a feeling of sadness, and yet with an earnest desire to see justice meted out that we gathered in the chapel on the night of November 12th, 1904, to begin the trial of our beloved Elocution teacher, Miss Gussie B. Smith. She had been accused of willfully assaulting and battering that beautiful poem so dear to our hearts, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

In the Faculty Recital she had come upon the stage in all her loveliness, and with an apparently unfeeling heart, had given that quaint poem its death-blow by rendering it in the style of Friday afternoon speeches in a country school, thus not only destroying the good influence of the poem, but also ridiculing the innocent children.

The court-room was crowded. The student-body and the teachers were there; even the people from the city came to be present at this trial—the most important and momentous brought before Davenport Superior Court (excepting the case of Kate and Phil).

The twelve jurors, composed of the Freshmen, soberly took their seats in the jury box, the left of the stage. The four lawyers, seated at their respective tables, felt the tremendous responsibility which rested upon their shoulders. A sudden stillness fell over the court-room as the sheriff, Miss Newell, marched in with the prisoner. The latter, dressed in deepest mourning, her pale, remorseful face, and beautiful hair that had so suddenly turned gray by the anxiety and suspense, moved the hearts of all—to laughter. The would-be dignified judge, Mrs. Nolley, with mock solemnity called the court to order. The clerk of the court announced the first case on docket, and the sheriff was asked to read the warrant. She excitedly began fumbling in her shirtwaist for it, but it was not to be found. She obtained permission to retire in search of it, and returning in a few minutes, read it to the court.

The witnesses one by one gave their testimonies, much to their embarrassment, and to the amusement of the audience when they were cross-questioned too closely by the lawyers. Miss Robinson testified as to having seen with her own eyes the menacing gestures of the notorious elocutionist planning to take the life of the victim.

Then followed the speeches of the lawyers. Miss Terrell, the first for the prosecution, in eloquent language stated the case and showed how the poem's

beauty had been forever destroyed. Then Misses Thomas and Newland for the defense with strong arguments presented the other side of the question. They tried to convince the jury of the innocence of their client. Miss Holsclaw, the other lawyer for the State, proved beyond a doubt that the prisoner was guilty.

After an impressive charge from the judge, the jury slowly, silently, filed out to make the verdict. While the court was waiting with "bated" breath the prisoner, overcome by the strain of the trial, gracefully fainted. Then all was confusion until she regained consciousness by feeling the contents of the water-tank, which an excited Junior had brought and poured over her.

In a few minutes the jury returned and gave in the verdict, "Guilty." The prisoner found that she had fainted too soon and did not feel equal to a second attack. The mercy of the court was extended to her, and the punishment was as light as the law permitted.

EUNICE H. ROBERTS,
*Clerk of the Court.*

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# Just the Neighborhood Talk

"Hun."
"That 's good."
"Very good; check off."
"Let that be."
"Tell it again, and say it slow."
"Right on."
"Lights out."
"Right up to the front."
"I regret it."
"Thank you sweetly."
"Me and you both."
"I 'll tell on you."
"Yes, indeedy."
"Do be quiet, I 'm 'phoning."
"Where are the tennis balls?"
"Take us to see the boys play ball."
"Don't talk on class."
"Poor old cus-tomer."
"Don't hurry, come back to see us."
"A great deal rather."
"Frosted."
"Has the mail come?"
"Did I get a letter?"
"Jerushy Jane Pepper!"

# "When"

Coz and Hun are on time.
The Seniors give the Juniors a reception.
Vena stops spraining her ankle.
Everybody stops singing "Teasing."
Clyde gets rubber heels.
The girls stop playing hymns.
Edith Arey gets in a hurry.
The new building is finished.
The cooks come back.
Edna Holsclaw gets on a "Tare."
The Elocution Class masters "Sohrab and Rustum."
Elberta makes a sensible remark.
Professor Weaver gets a new by-word.
The tennis rackets are no more.
Jim gets mad.
Miss Parker and Miss Norwood have their pictures made.
Mary McGowan stops laughing.
Maud Allred gets the scholarship medal.
The tennis court is rolled.
Somebody tells a bigger tale than Nell.
The girls observe quiet hours.
Morbus Sabbaticus ceases to afflict the students of Davenport.
Daisy comes.
Annie doesn't act foolishly.
The Annual is out.
The Davenport greenhouse is built.
Marie Allison studies her lessons.
All the express packages expected come.
Stella learns to play as well as Mrs. Hebron.
Commencement is over.
School will close.

# Eight Wonders at Davenport

"Dandy."
"Jim."
Professor Nolley's Firmament.
"The Grand Stand."
"Kent Wood Path."
The Bulletin Board.
The Class Ivy of Nineteen Four.
The New Building.

# When You Come to Davenport Don't

Cry—you can't study.
Be late at meals.
Borrow other girls' diamonds.
Use slang; you'll be lonesome.
Forget to bring your Bible.
Ask for permission after 3.15 P. M.
Pull the flowers.
Spoil the children.
Be glum; no use.
Use the telephone without a "permit."
Walk on the grass.

*"Remember the Story of the Frogs"*

# Any Old Relic

"That 's What."
"Teasing."
"Melange."
"Original Thoughts."
"Mr. George Moore."
"Ruth's Old Jacket."
"Elberta's Easter Hat."
"Bad Book."
"Clyde's Tan Shoes."
"Dictionary."
"The Old Bell."
"Chapel Fruit-basket" (game).
"Old Typewriter in the Window."
"Ethel's Old Tennis Slipper."
"The College Knife."
"Byrd's Guitar."
"Letter-Box."
"Annie's Diamond."
"Doctor's Incubator."

# Some New Patents

A patent soft-stop for musicians' fingers. Patent applied for by Misses Alexander and Nolley.

An automatic listener for incessant talkers. Patent granted to Misses Allred and Goforth. All rights reserved.

A new truth register. (Name withheld.)

A patent lock for the outside of teachers' doors. Granted to Kate Wagg, April 1, 1905.

New soap; patent refused; infringement on Gold Dust. Patent applied for by Owenby and Bingham.

Patent pencil-returner; applicants, girls of Davenport.

Pocket phonographs for bashful young men, who attend the receptions at Davenport.

# Just Some Telegrams

Hyacinth received. Lovely of you to fool me. When I saw the little pickaninny he reminded me of you.

Mr. ———
Box candy came, robbed half contents, note gone. Be careful what you write.

To Mr. ———
Thanks for the dozen pictures of yourself sent yesterday. Five more will finish covering walls and part of ceiling, I have them so artistically arranged.

Mr. ———
Send me 15 grains "Church Chloroform."

Mr. ———
Get your little bark canoe with just room enough for two.

Mr. ———
Barrel of apples just received. Fine, ship me another later.

Mr. ———
Columbian pin lost—please send me another; also college pennant.
——— B———

Dr. ———
Candy came. Sick. Please come at once.

Mr. ———
Have decided to play tennis, please send racket at once.

# A Personal Letter

Lenoir, N. C., May 27, 1910.

My Dear "Jack:" I am in English room at Davenport. Beside the desk is the same old easy rocking-chair, filled with cushions, and in it our English teacher sits, his face lighted up with a smile of bliss that I never saw the mere presence of our class bring to it.

I was so excited last night I couldn't sleep much. I felt just as I used to when I was a child on Christmas eve night and, for the first time that I can remember, it happened that I heard the rising bell. I was a little late to breakfast for I wanted to make as good an appearance as possible. When I did go down they were all waiting there in the hall for me. In a kind of maze I was escorted to the dining-room by a gentleman named Soles, or something of the kind, who told me that all of the class was at breakfast except Mary McGowan. Some one rapped on the table and made the announcement that when the electric bell *rung* we would go on English.

After breakfast we all went out on the piazza and—well if you had been there you would have had a reason for saying something about women talking. When the bell sounded we all went down the hall and gently pushing open the door, we entered. After speaking to Professor and meeting a pretty girl standing behind his chair, *whom* he introduced as "Nancy," we took our seats and the lesson began.

Professor Weaver said, first, we might spend thirty minutes in writing any thing we liked, so of course I at once seized the opportunity as a good one for writing to you. Sometimes as I bend over my paper I am trying to think up my "ten best thoughts" or a plot for a story, and then I get the glimpse of a black coat sleeve and it brings me back to the realities of to-day.

It seems as if it has been only a short time since we roamed around the dear old halls and oftentimes, oh, so often, when we did not keep study hour, would wander down here to the English-room and have jolly times until the first bell would call and tell us that it was time to go to "Slumber Land."

A few minutes ago Professor Weaver said in that deliberate way he always had, "Miss Jessie, in the sentence 'Don't talk on class,' what is the subject?" And from the back of the room a laughing voice answered, "Me, understood." I turned my head in the direction of the voice and as I expected saw "Bib" equally dividing her time between the one to whom she had long since given her heart and hand, and one of the professors. But as I look at her now I am not surprised that among the raven locks of her "better half" there is a goodly sprinkle of gray.

"Nancy" has just finished giving each a copy of the "Melange" but I think

if Professor Weaver would take his attention off of her long enough to look through his roll-book he would find that my name was checked off some time in nineteen and five.

Everybody is getting full of the plans for our meeting and the fun we are going to have. I have actually heard a little college slang and Kate Wagg call some one " darling " and say she was tickled to death.

After leaving you, station after station was passed and at last I reached Charlotte. A handsome couple entered the car and took their seat not far from mine. I looked at them for a while and then the thought came to me that I had seen those dark-brown eyes, as I recognized the familiar voice. I rose and started towards her and found it to be our beloved president. After talking for a short time she told me that she had heard from our class prophet, and that she and her better nine-tenths were to meet us in Salisbury. When we arrived at Lenoir we found the rest of our classmates. Eva was still the same; ever going forth and doing what she could for the good of others. Rose had only been home for a short time, for she had been an English teacher at the Salem Academy and College. Margaret and Kate got here yesterday and they are still doing all they can to make others happy.

Professor has called time so I will have to stop. I wish you could be with me but as you can't, I will write to you every day and you must do likewise.

Yours lovingly,

EDITH.

# How We Study Latin

MARGARET.—Come on, girls, let 's go to work on this Latin.

MARY.—Yes, do. We have so many hard lessons to-morrow. There 's Psychology, History, Ethics, English, and this Latin. I haven't studied one of them. Please, let 's hurry and get through before supper, so we can have the study period to-night for our other lessons.

EDNA.—Well, I want us to work and not talk as we have been doing when we come out here to study. Here we have such a nice, cool place in the shade of this tree, and we ought to study. I think we can get through before supper, we have three hours yet. Let me see, what is the lesson? Oh, yes, it begins here at Præcipue pius Æneas. Now, where does it end? My, all that? Why, we will never get over it! I don't think Miss Parker ought to give such long lessons, do you? She surely doesn't realize how much work we have to do. It keeps us busy nearly all the time.

MARY.—Now, Edna, we don't want any of your history just now. Please go on, and translate that first sentence.

EDNA.—Oh, I 'm tired of reading it. I wish the mail would come. I am expecting a letter from—from home, and I 'm sure mother will tell me how she is going to make my commencement dress. I am so anxious to know. But we 're not translating this Latin. " Venus, sadder than usual and with her glistening eyes suffused with tears," oh, I had the funniest dream last night! Mary, I thought you were Latin teacher here, and you made me read nearly all the lesson on class every day.

MARY.—Well, I wish you would read some of it now.

EDNA.—Margaret, you just sit over there and bite your lips. How much have you read? What does " tulit " come from? I 've been looking for it for the last three minutes, and I can't find it. What are the parts of that verb, any way? Tulo, tulere, tul—"

MARGARET *(very quietly)*.—It comes from fero.

EDNA.—Oh, I knew that. Why didn't I think of it before? " The cruel and pitiless Juno—" *(Looking up.)* Well, I thought it was time for the mail to come. Just stay here and I will bring yours to you. *(Runs to get mail and comes back with a letter for Mary.)*. I thought there would be one for me, but now since the anxiety is off my mind, I think I can study better. *(Picks up book.)* Where was I? Mary I will study some while you are reading your letter, and then I will translate for you. *(Mary reads her letter. The others study, and they are quiet for a few minutes.)*

MARY.—Edna, if you will lend me a sheet of paper from your tablet, I 'll tell you something the best after a while. You don't mind doing it do you?

EDNA.—Certainly not.

MARY.—I want to put down something so I won't forget it when I go to answer mother's letter. But say, precious, do you mind giving it to me?

EDNA.—Well, yes, I believe I do, since you have made me think so much about it. So pass it back.

MARY.—No, you go ahead and read that Latin.

EDNA.—Well, I 'll study till you finish writing that. And then you must tell us what it is that is so good.

" O Thou who rulest over the affairs of men and of gods, in your eternal dominions, and who terrifiest by your thunderbolts, what so great crime could my Æneas have committed against you, that the Trojans—" Have you finished Mary?

MARY.—Ye-s-s.

MARGARET AND EDNA.—Now tell us.

MARY.—Well, you promise never to tell it?

THE GIRLS.—Yes.

MARY.—Sure? Now please don't tell it.

THE GIRLS.—We won't.

MARY.—Well, I 'm— Oh, I am afraid you 'll tell it. I 'm going to spend to-morrow night with " Bib." Now, let 's go to work. " What considerations have changed you, O Father—" *(Supper bell rings.)*

EDNA.—There now, Margaret, I knew we wouldn't get through if you talked so much.

# Davenport Chronicle

1856—Built and named for Colonel William Davenport.
1857—Presented to South Carolina Conference.
1857—Henry M. Mood elected President.
1858—July. School opens.
1870—Becomes property of North Carolina Conference.
1877—Burned.
1881—Rebuilt and opened.

Presidents: Henry M. Mood, Dr. R. N. Price, A. G. Stacy, George F. Round, J. R. Griffith, Samuel Lander, W. M. Robey, J. D. Minick, C. M. Pickens, R. C. Craven, Dr. C. C. Weaver.

# Matheson at the Bat

IT was the second half of the ninth inning. The score stood four to six in favor of Lenoir College. Two Weaver School men had already struck out and two were on bases, when Matheson came to the bat. Like prisoners of hope we felt that he might yet save the day. He turned and looked toward the grand stand. We could plainly see determination written in his eyes. He turns again and faces the pitcher from Hickory. Every muscle in his massive form is tense.

As the ball left the pitcher's hand the very air was charged with thrills of excitement. Now!! Where? Where? The little sphere seems to be hunting a lodging place with the evening stars away beyond the limits of center field. The two men have already crossed the home-plate; the score is now even, Matheson passes second base—now third; now he and the ball are speeding toward home. The long throw was impossible. The runner scores the home-run that wins the game. Such a din! Such yelling! Such a noise! Then on their shoulders the Weaver School team bears off the hero of the day—the man who won the game.

E. R.

# Commencement Program

MAY, 1905

CONCERT BY PRIMARY DEPARTMENT — MAY 22
8:00 P. M.

COMMENCEMENT SERMON, BY DR. G. B. WINTON — MAY 24
11:00 A. M.

ELOCUTION CONTEST — MAY 24
8:00 P. M.

GRADUATING EXERCISE — MAY 25
10:00 A. M.

ANNUAL ADDRESS, BY DR. G. H. DETWILER — MAY 25
11:00 A. M.

ART EXHIBIT — MAY 25
3:00 P. M.

GRAND CONCERT — MAY 25
8:00 P. M.

# Just in Jest

Teacher: "What 's the matter Maude?"
Maude: "This molasses is so thin, it runs my bread to death to keep up with it."

Teacher of Science: "What kind of rocks are those?
Kate: "Oh, I know. 'Shucks.'"

Blanche: "Eva, are they having agri-culture?"

Professor: "What is Leviathan?"
Junior: "Pertaining to the tribe of Levi."

Sophomore: "Have the Chenille roses bloomed yet?"

Teacher: "What is a demagogue?"
Freshman: "A kind of teacher."

Professor W.: "Philanthropy, means love for men. What is misanthropy?"
Bright Junior: "It is love for women."

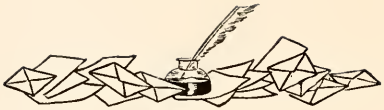
One of our professors, not being familiar with a lady's wardrobe, in returning a fascinator, asked whose kimona it was.

A Disgusted Freshman: "I can't phrase these old nouns."

Teacher to W. S. Boy: "Why didn't Moses take rats in the ark?"
W. S. Boy: "I 'lowed he thought they could swim."

Elberta: "Professor Nolley, Helen is suffering agony with toothache and has gone to the dentist."
Professor Nolley: "Very good."

English Teacher: "Miss Newland, please give of this selection a brief epitome."
Bib (echoing voice): "Pity me."



Finis.

# FIVE REASONS

*why you should send your girls to*

# Davenport College

1. UNSURPASSED LOCATION
2. SUPERIOR FACULTY
3. THOROUGH INSTRUCTION
4. MODERATE COST
5. INFLUENCES POSITIVELY CHRISTIAN

*Address*, CHAS. C. WEAVER, *President*
LENOIR :: NORTH CAROLINA

# *Cloyd & Johnson Company*

### DRY GOODS

A complete line of *Dress Goods* for the ladies, for the girls, for the children—*see them.*

### NOTIONS

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